

Marshall County Independent.

VOL. 4.

PLYMOUTH, MARSHALL COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1898.

No. 30.

COOL, COMFORTABLE
AND FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING

for warm, hot weather. To the man who wants to be properly attired in his hot weather costume, let him glance at our stock.

Blue Serge Coats, skeleton made, are all the rage now, and we have an elegant line. Also carry a very good assortment of Crash Suits, and extra Pants and Vests. Are closing out a lot of Summer Coats and Vests at 25c and 35c.

Ladies' Wrapper Dept.

A full and complete line in all grades and sizes. A great reduction has been made in this department. We must sacrifice these goods to make room for other goods. Take time by the forelock and purchase.

Attention, Farmers! Headquarters for Grain Sacks.

Ball & Carabin.

Burglar Shot.

Gideon Logan, who runs a general store in Teegarden, is a man that is not to be fooled with, especially by those "Weary willies" who tramp through the country and make it their business to get a living without work. Tuesday night about midnight Mr. Logan, who by the way was sleeping in his store, was awakened from a sound sleep and discovered a man ransacking the shelves and drawers in his store. Mr. Logan was prepared for just such fellows and reaching for his shot gun he got the drop on the burglar and pulled the trigger. The robber fell to the floor and cried for help. In a few moments the alarm was given and the store was filled with people.

On examination it was found that the shot had taken effect in the left thigh of the burglar making a terrible wound. He lay on the floor in the store until morning when Sheriff Marshall arrived, who had been notified by telephone, and brought him to this city and placed him in jail. Dr. Wilson was called to dress the wound which he pronounces a serious one.

The burglar gave his name as William Mulholland, without home or friends. He was very reticent and had a horror for reporters. Mulholland is about eighteen years old and rather good looking. He says Logan is a coward for shooting him without first giving him warning. He says he has a sister living in Akron, Ohio, by the name of Mrs. G. J. Cook. He begged the doctor to give him chloroform as the pain was almost killing.

Sheriff Marshall and wife and Deputy Bonduant did all they possibly could to relieve the poor unfortunate from his suffering. Just what will be the result cannot be told at this time.

Quarterly Meeting.

The 4th annual meeting of Mentone circuit (D. V.) will be held at Walnut Grove, two and one half miles north-east of Plymouth, on the 16th and 17th inst. On Sunday there will be held an all-day meeting. Dinner on the grounds. The public is cordially invited. Bring well-filled baskets.

A Fraud Strikes Plymouth.

A few days ago the Independent contained an article regarding an impostor who had swindled a number of young ladies at Goshen, with an exact description of the methods he adopts. Tuesday this fellow struck Plymouth and well nigh succeeded in finding a victim. His plan is to solicit young ladies interested in the spreading of christian works. He has a volume of Talmadge's sermons which he sells for \$6.50 cash but agrees to give the purchaser employment at a salary of \$6 per week. While at Plymouth he approached Miss Iris Thomson in the northern part of the city and had about closed the deal, when her attention was called to the swindle by Mrs. Dr. Ely, who remembered having seen the published exposure in the Independent. Mrs. Ely hunted up the Daily Independent and the scheme was identical to that of Miss Thompson's pretended employer. The agent was given his walking papers and it is learned that he left town at once. Miss Thompson was saved her \$6.50 through the influence of a daily paper, and yet there are some people who think they can't afford a local Daily. They prefer a city paper.

Watch for Him.

A clever forger is operating in this part of the state who purports to be engaged in extensive land deals. He locates temporarily in town and after driving about the country and interviewing the prominent farmers finally announces to an abstractor that he has traded for a certain farm and has an abstract made of the land. In a day or so he begins to interview men with money, attempting to sell them a mortgage against the farmer with whom he says he has made a trade. The mortgage is duly executed and looks all right, and he has succeeded in disposing of the forged security in some instances. He is described as a nice looking, well dressed man of about 35 years of age, six feet tall, weight about 190, light complexion, light moustache and wearing a suit of black clothes.—Valparaiso Messenger.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE CELEBRATION WAS A GRAND SUCCESS.

Many Visitors Witness the Plymouth Fourth of July Celebration A Patriotic Address.

For the first time in many years the people of Plymouth and Marshall county had the pleasure of witnessing and enjoying a genuine old time Fourth of July. A few weeks ago the order of the Knights of the Maccabees of this city conceived the idea that a successful Fourth of July demonstration could and ought to be held in Plymouth, and just how well they succeeded can be fully told today by the thousands who joined in the festivities and made the Fourth of July, 1898 in Plymouth one that will never be forgotten.

The glorious news which reached our people early in the day that Admiral Sampson had forced an entrance to the harbor of Santiago with one of the grandest fleets that ever sailed the seas and gave battle to Admiral Cervera, the greatest Spaniard living today, and after four hours of terrific fighting not a Spanish ship or a Spanish rag was left to tell the story of the greatest naval battle recorded in history. Is it any wonder that the American people rejoiced and made merry?

Early in the day it was evident that a big crowd would be present and when the dial marked the hour of ten, the streets were thronged with people from all parts of the county. The published program was fully carried out and there was not a hitch in the proceedings. The local lodge of the Maccabees assembled in front of their hall on Michigan street, and together with the assembled thousands were regaled by patriotic airs rendered by the Moller band and the new city band of Plymouth. The Knights formed in double file headed by the band and marched to South Michigan street where the line of march was formed for the grand industrial parade. The citizens and business men joined hands with the Knights, and left nothing undone to make the occasion a memorable one.

As marshal of the day Mr. Al Moon proved himself master of the situation and no time was lost in the formation of the parade which was led by the Moller band followed by the members of the K. O. T. M. Next came the lady members riding in a magnificent float built expressly for the occasion. The new city band was next in order in the line of march. The portly form of chief Fred H. Kuhn loomed up followed by the entire fire department of Plymouth, and as those sturdy men passed up the street they were given three times three by the thousands who filled every available foot of standing room on the sidewalks and street.

Many of the floats arranged by the business men of our city were beauties, which elicited much praise. Especially those of L. A. Kloefer, Ball & Carabin, Buck's hardware and J. E. Ellis "Curly Heads." The latter float contained ten little curly haired girls dressed in white. A very unique and appropriate ad for his "Curly Head" eiger.

Every business represented in the parade showed that the builders had given much time and pains in making them complete and attractive.

Frank Jacox was there with a complete line of groceries as were also George Vinnal, The When and Sult's grocery. Diasher's flour was represented by 500 twenty five pound sacks of flour. J. C. Kuhn & Son, the merchant tailors, exhibited their line of goods very attractively. The Novelty factory was in it to a finish, and the display of the goods manufactured by that firm were very neatly and tastefully arranged.

Shambaugh, the shoe dealer; Sult & Railsback, proprietors of the Plymouth plaining mill; Underwood & Walls, the bicycle dealers; Stansbury & Rhodes, decorators and paper hangers; Miller, the dealer in second-hand goods; F. H. Kuhn, and Schultheiss Bros., the meat market men; Lillybridge, the jeweler and piano dealer; the Plymouth Steam Laundry and J. U. Heiniger, the bargain man, each had a fine float in the parade representing their various lines of business, demonstrating that each one of them were fully up to the times in their lines of trade.

In the order named this magnificent pageant passed up Michigan street to Jefferson street, thence west to Center street, south on Center street to Laporte street, east on Laporte street to Michigan street and there disbanded.

One of the most amusing features was the Spanish artillery, drawn by

fifty young boys. The big gun was twelve feet long and about as capable of an injury to the Americans as Admiral Cervera exhibited Sunday morning in his bold dash for liberty down at Santiago.

The grand stand was erected on the corner of Michigan and Laporte streets and the hour for the speaking was set for two o'clock, but was postponed until seven o'clock in the evening in order to have the good news in regard to the great battle verified.

At 1:30 the bicycle races were announced which was participated in by four athletic young men of Marshall county. The prizes being 6 dollars for the first and \$3.50 for the second: Those who entered for this race were Arthur Young, Ray Meyers, Ralph Mattingly and J. A. Hendricks. The distance was 1 1/2 miles and was won by Arthur Young with Ralph Mattingly a close second. Young Meyers and Hendricks collided on Laporte street immediately after the start which virtually put them out of the race.

In the wheelbarrow race much fun was created, Harry Coleman and young Maxey being the contestants. After two trials young Maxey won out taking first money, \$2, and Coleman second, with \$1.

The exhibit of Ketcham & Wilson, the agricultural dealers, in the parade elicited many favorable remarks. The new Plymouth wagon and six new buggies were represented showing that Plymouth is fully up to date in almost every line of manufacturing.

The small boy was happy and in his glory. From 6 a. m. until midnight the continuous report of the firecracker and the heavy artillery could be heard.

The display of fireworks in the evening was the crowning event of the day at the conclusion of the splendid address by Hon. Chas. Kellison. The grand stand was moved to the middle of the street where Roman candles, sky rockets and almost every known device in modern fireworks display were "touched off" by Mr. Moon and his assistants.

Mr. Kellison's Speech.

Hon. Chas. Kellison made the Fourth of July address in the evening at 7 o'clock. His talk was patriotic from first to last and was an able presentation of the theme at hand.

He opened with a discussion of fundamental principles, the adherence to which are prerequisites for the maintenance and perpetuity of Republican government. He vindicated our national policy with respect to Cuba, though mindful of the advice of Washington in his memorable address before retiring from the presidency. Conditions have changed. The country is not a young nation today; it is one of the powers.

This nation's sympathetic heart has been touched by the appeals of the Cubans for liberty, and in the eyes of God and humanity the speaker was convinced that our resort to arms in behalf of a strange race is righteous and just.

There are other questions for future generations to grapple with and solve. Inventive genius has overpowered the sons of toil; capital and labor must be taught their mutual dependence. Unequal taxation and class legislation are demanding the immediate attention of a liberty-loving people.

These and other problems are before the coming generations.

"Thought" is the barrier to the progress of these iniquities, and before "Thought" every evil must eventually fall.

The speaker was loudly applauded at various intervals during his address.

Mrs. J. E. Work to Establish a Feeble-Minded Institution at Plymouth.

Mrs. Julia Work expects to leave Laporte in the near future. She has secured 25 acres of land at Plymouth on which is a nice large building, and today she will submit plans and specifications for a second building to the contractors, and as soon as all is completed, which will probably be next spring, Mrs. Work will move there. Her property is about as far from Plymouth as the present orphan's home is from Laporte. The new building is to be a fine large structure, equipped with all modern conveniences. Mrs. Work will make a specialty of feeble-minded and physically defective children and expects to accommodate 100 or more.

Mrs. Work is a very worthy woman and is performing a noble task and the citizens of our city regret that she deems it best to leave us. Plymouth is to be congratulated on securing this institution with its capable manager.—Laporte Daily Herald.

The Plymouth hotels are doing a good business for July.

MRS. CAPRON WRITES.

SHE SENDS A VERY INTERESTING LETTER FROM TAMPA.

A Good Description of the Life of the Volunteers—Not Especially Captivated by the Cubans—Comments the Neatness and Cleanliness of Our Soldiers.

From a letter to Mrs. A. C. Capron, written by the wife of Capt. John C. Capron, of Co. M, 157th Reg't, now at Tampa, Fla., we have been permitted to take the following interesting items:

"Tampa, Fla., July 3.—Dear home folks.—We received the box and John was so glad to get his summer jacket and pants. He put the coat right on, shaved and washed and he looked so nice and cool. I am kept busy visiting the chinaman with his duck pants, but he looks so much better with clean clothes that I don't mind the trips. Most of the boys did look rather tough, but the new shirts issued to them last Friday have improved them wonderfully. They all look thin but they say they feel perfectly well. There is only one sick man, a Mr. Miller, I think, and John talks of sending him north.

The guards at St. Petersburg are of the 157th regiment and the people there like them so much they intend to give them a Fourth of July celebration. The regimental band is going over and they are to have a ball in the evening. If John can get away we are going too.

It is delightfully cool here since six o'clock last evening and last night was a perfect moonlight night. The Tampa people say that after the rainy season comes the weather is fine here. The winters are like our Indian summers, but of course the dry seasons are unpleasant for it is so frightfully hot, especially in the city.

The wives of the regular officers and soldiers here are worried over reports from Santiago. Ten of the regular officers wives are at the same boarding house with me and they are nearly wild. It would be such a relief if they could only hear from their husbands.

I hear there are some more transports in and I am so afraid the 157th will be sent to Santiago to re-enforce Shafter. I saw some of the Illinois boys leave, and while they seemed glad to go and the bands played and all seemed excited, it made me feel real sad, for some may never return, and in mind, I can see the boat starting with our boys, and I know I'll be simply wild. I have a chill every time I hear anything discouraging and was "done up" in bed with ice bandages at my head the last time the orders came. I certainly will chloroform John and bring him home if Spain don't sue for peace soon.

A hospital is to be fixed up out at Egmont Key and they say it is a lovely spot and just the place for sick soldiers, and there will be a lot of them from this last engagement. The Tampa papers say 1,500 were killed and wounded, but the Spaniards suffered most.

I do not think the Americans put the proper estimate on the Spaniards. They are good soldiers and the Cubans here say they will fight as long as they have breath left. But the provoking thing to me is to see the Cubans here resting so contented and letting the Americans do all the fighting for them. Some of their young men I see walking around all dressed up and perfectly satisfied with life, while our boys are oft digging in and fighting to free the Cubans! The Cubans! Some look like negroes and none look like white people. I see lots of the 'refugees,' and a very contented lot they seem to be, but they don't seem to stir up any feelings of pity in anyone here.

I saw lots of interesting things out at the Port the other afternoon, and John and I are going out to the docks today. There are several gunboats anchored here and five or six large sailing vessels are at the docks,—one of which is said to be the finest on the Atlantic coast,—a four master. Great large porpoises roll and tumble near the wharves and you ought to see the fish jump up! I thought the porpoises were fish, but the men say they play around all the time and keep the bay clear. They are not allowed to be shot and at the hotel there are a lot of tame pelicans. Everything is strange to me and I spend hours just looking around. I want to see a real live alligator running about free. All I have seen so far are caged or stuffed. I saw a real "Topsy" with her hair all in kinks and knots over her head. She said it was curled the "other day" and she was going to have it combed "some day."

The chimes of the old cathedral are just ringing,—so sweetly musical! Three tunes so far, but it all makes me homesick. Everybody is going to church, but I haven't time as I must write to the home folks while it is so cool and I feel good.

The boys have their new suits, their summer outfit. They are of a light brown stuff like jeans and are trimmed in bright blue and red and some in yellow, and make the officers look like band masters or ring leaders in a circus. They are not at all military or dignified in appearance.

Major Feaser has got back with the new recruits, and Ed Giller called and gave us the home news last night. He said he was actually homesick while away to get back to the boys here. Ed is full of pranks and rather an unruly fellow but he knows business and obeys orders all right.

It rains every day now and things are beginning to look green. I wish I could send you some of the beautiful roses, jessamines and different flowers that grow here. The orange blossoms are scarce now for the oranges are half grown but occasionally I get a small bunch and they are deliciously fragrant.

I must tell you what we have to eat here. For breakfast—grits, a kind of fine white stuff like hominy, flat biscuits, beef steak, codfish balls, eggs sometimes, liver and bacon, muffins with New Orleans molasses (nasty stuff) and coffee. For dinner: grits again, dry tastless rice, flat biscuits, meats, green beans, (the only good thing) baked sweet potatoes, ice tea, wind pudding, tomatoes and cabbage. For supper: grits again, saratoga chips (Irish potatoes are scarce here) rice, cold meats, flat biscuits hard, as base balls and fish, and, taking it all in all, I'd give a good deal to have a good square meal from home.

Well, I must take a bath (we bathe every day or we couldn't recognize each other) and get ready for "grits." We may have ice cream for dinner and I am rather anxious, and besides this is "chicken day."

Now don't be lonesome as long as the boys are here in Florida. I shall not feel at all fearful if the regiment can only be sent to Porto Rico.

Will write again soon. Do write often. Everybody here are so anxious to hear from home.

With love to all;

HARRIET AND JOHN.

Budd Ocher Writes Entertainingly.

Tampa, Fla., June 27.—Dear Brother.—I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. We are all expecting to move soon. It may perhaps be a week. Some think that we may be ready by next Thursday but I hardly think it will be so soon. It looks like the other expedition ran into a hornet's nest, as they are hurrying the second as fast as they can. This second expedition will be nearly if not altogether as large as the first. It is more than likely we will see some stiff fighting in the next two months.

The new recruits have not arrived yet. Have not heard when they will get here. Anyway I pity them for they will no sooner get here than they will be loaded off to Cuba. We have enough homesick lads now. Sometimes it is rather amusing to hear them curse their luck.

The rainy season has set in here and we have a thunder shower every day, usually in the evening.

Got the "two" all right and laid in a supply of "Battle Axe." That is hard to get here as they nearly all chew natural leaf. We had a pay day yesterday and the camp is nearly deserted since last evening.

If my term of enlistment runs out while in Cuba I think I will stay there for a while. I believe it will be a good place to make money in the next five years. This measly palmetto swamp land is valued at from \$150 to \$300. You had ought to see it. You would not give 60 cents a section for it. Saloon license is \$1200 a year, and even a grocer or dry goods merchant must pay a license to sell their goods. So you know there is very little land tax.

Must close. Will write again after we get to Cuba if I can get to send it. If you write mark your letter so it will be returned in case we have gone. Hoping to hear from you again before we leave I am Yours as ever,

BUDD.

Horse Killed.

Sunday evening about 7 o'clock the horse of Mrs. Fred Kepler and sister while crossing the Pittsburg road on South Center street, became frightened at a passing train. Mrs. Kepler drew a tight reign on the frightened steed, when the latter reared and fell backwards breaking his neck in the fall. The ladies escaped with slight injuries. The buggy was smashed into splinters. It was a narrow escape for the ladies.